

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



OLD BEN UNBURDENS HIS CONSCIENCE.

THE FORGED WILL.

CHAPTER IX.

"NEED I remind you," began Eustace, "of my father's high indomitable spirit?"

"No, no," said the squire, hastily, "he was the finest—"

"Now, squire," said Dr. Cruden, laying his hand gently on his knee, "let us agree, before Mr. De la Mark begins, that there shall be no interruptions, or we shall not finish to-night."

"Go on," said the squire.

"He could never brook the stern temper of my grandfather, and constant contention created serious disaffection between them."

"That was all through Bloodworth," said the squire; "he was at the bottom of it all; he is a very——"

"Now, *do* hush," said the doctor, in a deprecating tone.

"Go on, Eu," said the squire, impatiently.

"He married—that you know—and I was born before he was twenty-one."

"Yes, you must be pretty near thirty by this time."

"I am thirty-five."

"Why, that makes me fifty-three. How time flies! Well, lad!"

"You are aware that the discovery of his marriage was the cause of the final rupture."

"Ah! Eu was wrong there; I was but a boy then, and did not understand things, and took his part through thick and thin; but it was a very foolish thing to fly in the old man's face that way."

"Squire, squire," said the doctor, "what right have you to talk?"

"Well, that's true; but I thought he would get over mine, and Mary's property made it of little consequence, as far as money went."

Eustace took the miniature from his uncle, and opening the case on the other side showed the portrait of a lady. "That was my mother," he said quietly.

"Ay, to the life; yes, she was a lovely creature, and as good as she was beautiful. Eu was perfectly right to marry her; but then, he should have waited a little."

"Bloodworth hurried him into it," said Eustace, "by telling him, in confidence, of another match which Sir Eustace had determined to effect between him and some lady distantly connected with his family."

"Now, Eu," said the squire, rising in his chair, "if you expect me to keep my temper, don't mention that—pshaw! nonsense!" pushing away the doctor's hand—"that fellow's name more than you can help."

"No. My father left his birthplace with a parent's curse ringing in his ears."

"Shocking, shocking," said the squire.

"You know my mother," continued Eustace, "scarcely outlived my birth."

"Poor Eu! Poor girl!" sighed the squire.

"At that time my father, as he afterwards told me, broken down with grief, wrote to Sir Eustace entreating a reconciliation and a revocation of his curse."

"I'll answer for it, my father never had that letter. I know he was hard, but he could not have stood that."

"An answer came to it, written by Bloodworth, who complained bitterly of being made the medium of so painful a message. It was to the effect that Sir Eustace would pardon and receive him, upon condition of his marrying again immediately, according to his choice, and it was couched in such arbitrary terms, so devoid of all natural feeling, so insulting to my mother's memory, and casting such unworthy reflections on my father's motive for making the advance, that he spurned the thought of replying to it. In that letter, too, Bloodworth confirmed what he had often insinuated in his former letters, that his brothers had helped to embitter the mind of Sir Eustace against him."

"Oh, my dear sir," said the doctor, laying his hand on Mr. Brimble, "what is the use of chafing so? Pray, pray be pacified."

The squire leant back in his chair in silence.

"I must tell you, my dear uncle, that my father did not believe it of you—you were then about seventeen or eighteen—and he could not credit that selfish interest could so have altered your heart, full of affection as he had left it, in the very bloom of youth. But, you excepted, he determined to forget all England and devote himself to me. My mother's slender fortune, and an estate to which he became entitled when of age—"

"Yes, Itterdale," interrupted the squire.

"Left him by old Jasper Honeyman, some fiftieth cousin of my mother's—this enabled him to live at ease, though not in affluence. He converted the estate into money, and, without any settled home, wandered from country to country as inclination led him."

"Eu, I could never understand why he did not write to me," cried the squire, "especially as we were in the same box; he married for love a woman of high family, I, for something of the sort, a woman of no particular 'family,'" involuntarily glancing round at the door, "and, glorious fortune, so we both came under the ban; he knew it, and I am puzzled to this day to know why he remained silent."

"I am afraid of telling you the cause," said Eustace.

"Go on," said the squire, clenching his fist, and flushing with indignation.

"Yes; he was wholly deceived by that man, who wrote, adjuring him to be patient, entreating him to communicate all his proceedings to him, mourning over the conduct of his unnatural relatives, and promising—"

"Now don't, pray don't," said the squire; "if you love me, don't."

"At last came the announcement of the death of Sir Eustace, and of his will, by which you and my father were disinherited, and Parker's Dew, with all other property, was left to Sir Valary."

"Eu," said the squire, starting up, "I never believed in that will. I saw my father not long before his death; he entirely forgave me, and told me it lay sore on his heart, that he could not see Eu before he closed his eyes. I gathered from what he said—but he was too ill to talk much—that he had tried to get at him for years, but without success. That will was a forgery!" continued the squire, striking the table with a vehemence that made the glasses dance.

"My father did not think so. We were in Rome when we received the news, and he determined on returning to England; that he might see you and find the truth of what he had heard. I was then eighteen, and rejoiced in the prospect of seeing my own country—the only one in Europe that I had not visited; but after a three days' illness my father fell a victim to malaria, and I was so ill as to be reported dead."

"Of course," said the squire; "everybody said you were."

"I think I should have justified the report, if it had not been for an excellent Protestant clergyman, who felt deeply for me, having just buried his wife in the same disease; he became a father to me, though I had no other claim upon his sympathy than needing it."

"Where is he now?" asked the squire, eagerly.

Eustace was silent.

"Ha!" said the squire, "go on."

"Like me, he was, as far as human ties go, alone in the world, and determined to spend the remainder of his life as a missionary in the east. I resolved to accompany him; for when we paid our last visit to the little Protestant burial-place, which contained the two who had been all to us on earth, it seemed as if nature and heaven had marked us out for companions. Eight years we wandered together through the east, he by his life and preaching teaching Christianity, I learning it. I cannot pretend to enter now into the labours and pleasures of those eight years. His health broke down. He died at Beyrout, on our return westward, and again I was alone. Now my heart yearned for England. Was I to wander a stranger through life, with mere chance companions? I embarked on board a vessel bound for Alexandria, intending to shape my course finally to my own country; but a doctor from Frankfort, our fellow traveller through part of Syria, who had shown great kindness to my friend in his illness, and had skillfully soothed his sufferings, being my fellow passenger now, won so upon my regard, which was before his, from gratitude, that I was induced to change my purpose, and try the western world, where

He designed to settle. Seven long years I spent in the two Americas, till, weary of the wide, wide world, I once more determined on seeking a home in the hearts of some who, strange to me, yet seemed to beckon me from the distance. It was you, uncle."

"Ay, my lad, if I had known your whereabouts, I should have done more than beckon, I can tell you."

"It happened, singularly enough, that the Frankfort doctor and I became again passengers in the same vessel. He had married an American lady, and was taking her home to fatherland, preferring the small gains he expected to get in Dusseldorf, where he had a connection, to any amount of money away from it."

"In the right of it," said the squire. "I would rather live on bread and cheese in England, than have all the treasures of the Great Mogul in any other country."

"You never did live on bread and cheese, squire," said the doctor, with a smirk.

"Again his importunity overcame me," continued Eustace, "and for a time I deferred coming to England, and went instead with him to a country, many scenes in which were familiar to me, all my early education having been in Germany. Fascinated with old associations, I wandered about from place to place, as memory led me, feeling a happier nearness to my father there than I did when standing beside his grave. One day, the fall of an old house in Dusseldorf, to which I had for a short time returned, induced me, with many passers-by, to assist in examining the ruins, lest any unfortunates should have been buried under them. Here I met with an accident, and was too much injured to speak. As a stranger, I was carried to the nearest hotel, I may call it. As soon as I could give an account of myself, my friend the doctor was sent for, and by his advice I was not moved to his house, but remained there under his care. Hearing that a pious Lutheran minister was visiting a sick woman in the same house, I requested to see him. In the course of conversation he told me he wished he could understand and speak English well, for the poor woman he was visiting, he said, was much restrained by feeling him to be foreign, and his words had less weight with her than he thought they otherwise would. 'She is much troubled in mind,' he said, 'and I would thankfully give her relief.'

"I immediately offered, as soon as I should be sufficiently recovered, to visit her for him; and I did so. I saw she had not very long to live, and had a burdened conscience; but I little suspected what she was about to confide to me. She had been nurse in the family of Sir Valary, having previously lived for many years with Sir Eustace. She revealed to me the whole of Bloodworth's villany, in which she was deeply implicated, and gave me all the history of his contrivance to keep her away—of what she had suffered in banishment, and in leaving Lady De la Mark and her infant—in fact, she left nothing untold, her great anxiety being to know if there were any pardon for sin like hers. She seemed reckless of exposure, and declared that if she lived she would willingly receive any punishment, provided she might have a hope of mercy hereafter. Her gratitude, when I disclosed to her who I was, was beyond bounds. She said she thought that, having been permitted to restore me to my rights in so strange a manner, was almost like a merciful assurance that there was pardon for her."

"Poor old Bet!" said the squire; "I don't know what she did, but I'll answer for it, Bloodworth put her up to it."

"And what was it?" said the doctor, breathless with interest.

"That I cannot divulge just now, and it is equally necessary that Bloodworth knows nothing of me until I convict him."

"Let us go to-night," said the squire.

"Too late, too late now," said the doctor, shaking his head. "Will you let me ask Mr. De la Mark—"

"He is Sir Eustace," exclaimed the squire, "and Valary has no right at Parker's Dew, and I always said so."

"It is quite true, uncle; but at present I prefer to waive the honour; his infirmity, perhaps nearness to death, and poor Marjory's forlorn condition, have kept me back from taking any steps for the recovery of my rights. Of course I have taken legal means; but they are yet in abeyance. My intention in coming to England was to see those who would now be forced to acknowledge me as kin, without apprising them of the obligation."

"Then the will is an absolute forgery?" said the doctor.

"An absolute forgery," was the reply.

"And Sir Valary knows it?"

"He has known it for many years; but he did not at the time of taking possession."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for the honour of the family," said the squire, huskily.

"And for his conscience sake," said the doctor.

"Well, it makes it a shade lighter. Pray, does Bloodworth know you are living?"

"He is uncertain about it; he has had glimpses of me now and then, but has not been able to follow me up."

"And Valary—does he know it?"

"He also is uncertain. Bloodworth holds me over him, as nurses frighten children with spectres; and no doubt the attacks from which he has lately suffered have been in some way connected with the failure of their plans to ascertain the fact."

"How came Bloodworth to call you Mr. — what was it?" asked the doctor.

"I purposely obtained a draft for him from a person in Dusseldorf, with whom he has invested some of his ill-gotten gains. I was able to do this through the information given me by the woman Higgs. Vandercroft was the name of the person to whom the draft had been committed, and, not knowing that I was his substitute, he naturally gave the name to me. He had never received communications of the kind in so careless and open a manner, and became alarmed, I saw at once."

Sir Eustace De la Mark, as we may now call him, here described his interview with the steward, and Shady's discreet and courageous interference on his behalf.

"Poor old Shady!" said the squire, laughing, "I always liked him."

Dr. Cruden now took out his watch. "I could sit here much longer; but you will own that if we are to get up to-morrow to transact business, we must go to bed to-night."

"That is a great deal plainer than your prescriptions, doctor; so now for the drawing-room—come, Jobson."

THE TOURIST IN IRELAND.

II.—DUNLUCE CASTLE.

LORD JOHN MANNERS writes:—"There is no castle on the Rhine, Loire, Seine, or anywhere else that I know, to be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur. Without any exception, it is the awfulest and most romantic sea-king's castle in broad Europe."

Having read this, it is much to say that we were not disappointed. Neither engravings nor descriptions had exaggerated the lonely grandeur of Dunluce—a pile of grey ruins perched on the summit of an insulated precipitous rock, at whose base, a hundred feet below, breaks perpetually the wild North Sea.

We had chosen to walk from Portrush, three miles to the south, along one of the finest coast roads in the three kingdoms, and turned into a modest wooden gate, which opened upon a green inclosure adjoining the islet of ruins. It somewhat reminds one of an aged lion, tamed by years and infirmities, and having lost his teeth and claws, safely shut up and exhibited by his owners; the grey dismantled fortress needs not battlements and guns to keep off visitants now; a fence of loose stones answers the purpose, and the low-barred wicket takes the place of drawbridge and portcullis. There are many chimneys, and gables, and curtains of wall rent with gashes; two or three segments of circular turrets, all growing from the edge of the rock so exactly, that it might be difficult for the eye to perceive where the masonry begins, and nature's fortification ends. So we think, while sitting on the cliff near by, and wonder how the workmen managed to follow every winding of the rock's edge so accurately. And we perceive that at the extreme northern point, the rock, being underworn by the violence of the waves, sank away and carried the wall with it, at some time or other. We imagine the same may occur any very stormy night in any coming winter, to the rest, which so perilously overhangs the abyss.

What a setting of purple sea hath this grey ruin, to-day! The dimmest peaks afar are the graceful passes of Jura in the Hebrides; lower, and nearer land, is the outline of the Mull of Cantire. Snowy sails are on the quiet sea between, as if reflected from the tiny white cloudlets which lie at anchor in the blue expanse over head. Yonder are the black funnels of a steamer, plying towards Lough Foyle: its smoke and swiftness seem a blot on the universal repose; and the only sounds that reach our ears are the deep roar of the sea on the reefs beneath, and the scream of a sea-bird winging by; until—

"An' won't yer honours go into the castle at all at all?"

We had wondered were Dunluce free from the infliction of guides, and thus discovered that they had to be followed and fee'd here, as elsewhere.

"Tisn't so bad, passin' over the thrifle of a bridge, as a body might think: if yer honour doesn't look down, ye'll no more mind it than walkin' a boorded flure: an' I'm so used to it I'd dance a hornpipe in the middle in one minit."

Which would be a feat well nigh as nervous as Blondin's performance on the high-rope; for the chasm is twenty feet across, and a hundred deep, spanned by a narrow wall thirteen inches wide, and grass-grown, without rail of any kind. We contemplated, and hesitated; the guide skipped over before us.

"Arrah, take heart, yer honour, an' put one fut before another, till 'tis done! Nobody ever falls over, these times."

"But surely there was some broader entrance to the castle, long ago?" And we eyed the chasm, perhaps willing to defer, by colloquy, the evil moment of crossing.

"Sure an' ye may see the other wall, or leastways the marks of it, beyont there; an' the sojers laid planks across the two of 'em, an' it made a wide road enough."

We wished that some similar accommodation could be invented for city-bred tourists. There! we had boldly

trodden the wall, and stood upon the other side; but certain of our party declined altogether the attempt, and no cajolings nor successful exemplars could induce them to set foot on the bridge.

"What is all that building on the mainland?" towards which the timid retreated to explore. "Was it a portion of the castle, in old times?"

"No, yer honour; but a new castle they built when the ould one was givin' way through the dint of age an' storms. Wait till I show ye the Tinker's Window, an' ye'll not wonder the quality was in a hurry to cut an' run."

Through several long passages, chiefly open to the sky, we proceeded to a large apartment, one side of which had completely fallen in—so completely, that not a trace of wall remained, but a naked precipice sheer to the sea. At one angle of the other three sides was a deeply embrasured window, looking towards Portrush; and the picture set in its grey framework was of the celebrated White Rocks, with their arches, fissures, and natural bridges, carved by ceaseless green waves; likewise of the long fair sands reaching to the promontory of Portrush, and dotted over with parties walking, riding, bathing; also of headlands beyond the white clustering houses of the town, Innishowen, and the extremest north cape in Donegal, called Malin; and nearer upon the shining sea, the dark sloped islets called Skerries, mere tops of brown submerged strata set on edge—just what might have been seen by the historic tinker, on the memorable evening when this window received its name. The story is as follows. At Christmas of 1639, the Lady Margaret Mac Donnell would fain give a great entertainment to the chief aristocracy of the north, and Dunluce was full of company, gentle and simple. The weather was wild; but what cared the jolly cavaliers for a north-west gale? Some of their more timid dames may have covered a little, as the blast rushed furiously upon the towers ever and anon, and roared in the wide chimneys, and dashed sheets of spray upon the windows; and as the day drew to a close, the storm seemed to gather force, and the sea to become more infuriated under its lashings. The apartment most exposed to its fury was the kitchen, a scene of such busy bustle, that the servants had scarce time to hear the tempest. There stands the huge fireplace still, ten feet across, and used for the last time on that evening; and we sit in the window where a vagrant tinker had gathered his tools, and was at work repairing pots and pans, when suddenly with a vast report the whole side of the room tottered, fell asunder, was engulfed in the boiling surges below, and with it nine of the servants, overwhelmed ere they could escape. But the tinker was safe in his recess, and the other inmates of the castle made quick enough retreat to the mainland, their festivity damped for the time.

"And where was the Banqueting-hall?" Quite near, and of noble proportions—a bleached oaken lintel the sole relic remaining of its woodwork, the ground over-run with a thick carpet of chickweed and wild mallows. There are marks of bow windows along the western side, and some traces of interior mouldings; but we should not say, on the whole, that the owners of Dunluce had ever cared much for ornamentation, or beauty of architecture. Their lives were too rugged, and the stern exigencies of war kept every faculty stretched to the extremes of preservation and destruction. The masonry of this "Sea-King's Castle" is of the rudest and strongest—walls as thick as the length of a man, and fashioned of basalt and granite, the former often in its own original polygons, without any attempt at regular courses of work; and when the builder was at a loss, he seems to

have inserted a few bricks, a boulder from the shore, or anything else that came to hand. Old Time has weather-beaten and lichened it all, till the castle resembles an excrescence grown from the rocks, more than walls erected upon them.

And this ancient hall, roofed with the azure heaven now, how many a scene of rude wassail has it held! Here the gallo-glasses of the M'Quillans boasted of their deeds against Edward Bruce and his Scots—for the sept was powerful enough to contest Ulster by inches with him and his armies. They themselves are said to have come over from Wales about Strongbow's era, and to have been originally Llewellins. For hundreds of years they held Dunluce and its dependencies, until one winter an exiled Mac Donnell, Lord of the Isles, received hospitality here from the chief of the M'Quillans, which he requited by stealing the heart of the daughter of the house; and their private marriage laid the foundation for a claim to Dunluce on the part of the Mac Donnells. Their descendant, entitled Sorley-Boy, seized the castle in 1544, and thenceforth the once mighty M'Quillans sank among the lowest of the people, their last man of note being Rory, "one of the naughtiest boys in the land," quoth Queen Elizabeth. An idea of Sorley-Boy's eminence may be attained from the record that he possessed fifty thousand cows to his private property; which extensive dairy, and "Donluse," he enjoyed until Deputy Sir John Perrot descended upon him for rebellion, and the chieftain was compelled to eat humble-pie, going to Dublin and making solemn submission to the English government, in Patrick's cathedral.

Perrot's artillery blew sundry breaches in the castle at that period; but it was still a noted stronghold, as he placed in its towers a small garrison of sixteen men, under command of one Peter Cary, a pensioner. The Deputy had thought this man came of the English pale, but unfortunately he was of the north-country Carews, and disposed to place too much trust in his compatriots. He took in some Irish soldiers to aid in keeping guard; two of them were treacherous, and drew up fifty of the enemy one night, by withies, from the foot of the precipice.

"What! that precipice?"

Yes. The chasm is not always full of leaping roaring surges. If we wait long enough we shall see the tide recede, and leave dry reefs below. The constable was offered life by the traitors, if he would give up his little tower—that round one near the bridge—but the brave and faithful soldier preferred to die in performance of his duty; and the insignificant turret becomes immediately ennobled in our eyes, being a place where human hearts have dared and suffered.

This Banqueting-hall was also the scene of a grand entertainment to the Scots General Munroe, by the Earl of Antrim, during which the guest revolved in his mind the treachery of seizing his host, and accomplished it, sending the Earl prisoner to Carrickfergus, and giving his castles into the hands of the Marquis of Argyle. It was the last event of public importance in the history of Dunluce. A gradual ruin and a deep loneliness has settled about it since. The sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries are not more widely diverse than this hoary rock of ruins and the snug white cottages yonder, nestling on Portrush promontory, and laughing back the summer sunshine. Nobody lives at Dunluce now: a little lodge on the other side of the road takes care of it.

We beg pardon: there is a tenant of Dunluce, as the guide will have it. Do we forget the renowned Banshee? Her dwelling is in the lowest story of the furthest turret. You stoop to enter, and the first thing noticeable is

the extraordinary cleanness of the floor, which quite looks as if a busy hearth-broom had just swept up every particle of dust. Right opposite the low vacant doorway is the window, filled with blue sea beyond; two steps bring you close to it, and in view of the grand columnar Causeway Head.

"An' the Banshee does be always sweepin', sweepin' the floor: 'twouldn't soil a satin shoe, so 'twouldn't. An' on stormy nights you'd hear her singin', very doleful entirely, an' very miserable, an' as clear as a bell above all the roarin' of the sea; and the little childer says to one another, 'There's Mau Roi, the fairy.'"

"Has nobody ever seen her?"

"No, sure, my lady, an' why should she be showin' herself, vulgar-like, to everybody? Ould people says they remembers folk that seen her long ago: but, sure, isn't it enough to see how clane she keeps the place, the crathur?"

Poor fairy! what a monotonous and degenerate occupation! For what crime in Elfland wert thou condemned to such drudgery? We set about looking for the invisible broom, having previously received a clue to the marvellous cleanness before mentioned, and discovered the slight draught of air which eddies round the little vaulted chamber continually, whisking over the threshold every sand which gains entrance. But it was useless to point out to the old guide such obvious explanation of the phenomenon; he would not see with our unbelieving eyes.

Steps in the thickness of the wall, and winding partially round the turret, conducted to an upper chamber, now unroofed. Look down to the tidal reefs far beneath, where tresses of the whiplash fuci wash in and out with every green surge. See the deep channel leading into the cavern which pierces the crag under Dunluce, as if it had been cut to afford a boat admission to the penetralia of the stronghold. When the tide ebbed somewhat further, we were able to explore this cavern, and here, indeed, the grand roar of ocean obscured every sense. A shingle-strawn beach for floor, and dark recesses overhead for roof; somewhere above there is said to be, or to have been, a shaft pierced through to the chambers of the castle. Caves are much of the same pattern, however different their locality, and I own to no partiality for the temporary burial involved in their investigation; so we speedily clambered back again into the chasm, and thence by the steepest of paths to an equality with dry land and sunshine.

We will own to a sense of relief when that thirteen-inch bridge was crossed finally, and likewise that the anticipation of said perilous passage had been to us as a nightmare during our explorations of Dunluce. We crossed it fifty times at least, in imagination, while apparently engrossed with the Banqueting-hall, and Tinker's Window, and Banshee's Chamber; and I have reason to suspect that many a traveller who would face Bedouins or tigers with due nerve, shrugs his shoulders at Dunluce Chasm, and is satisfied to view the castle's interior through the medium of his ears.

Walking back to Portrush, along the sinuous windings of the coast road, we are tempted to diverge to the White Rocks by a path down the face of the cliffs. Here are twenty-seven caverns within the space of two miles—fantastic recesses, deep or shallow, but of all possible shapes, their chalk walls set with millions of flints, and the flooring sunk in every manner of seapool. Great white arches stand apart sometimes, like gateways to a demesne. At the tidemark in the caves are bits of wreck-wood, corks of perished nets, quantities of torn-up tangle, and dead shellfish. For some reason

or other one recess has the name of "the Priest's Hole." It might have been an efficient place of hiding, because even spring tides leave a dry strand at the upper extremity; and afar lies a dim vision of Scotland.

Broad level sands reach to Portrush, some miles long, and fenced on the land side by a battlement of sandhills, bound together with shaggy bent-grass in profusion, and bearing in the hollows numbers of whortle-berry bushes. A double cascade of surges rolls continually on the sea-side, which cascade becomes fourfold in wild weather from the north—moving terraces of water, shifting from emerald sheen into a snow of spray.

A WORD ON COFFINS AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

THE different customs—perhaps we might be justified in calling them fashions—which have prevailed at different periods, and among various nations, in the choice and preparation of the body's last abode, form an interesting and suggestive subject of speculation. Among ancient nations the mortuary usages seem to have been divided between burning and burying; and it is pretty certain that the origin of either practice, if it were investigated, would be found to have an intimate connection with their differing theological creeds. At any rate, it would never have accorded with the spirit of the old Egyptian mythology to destroy the body by fire. The Egyptian worshipper looked forward to a time of awakening and re-animation, though it is not so clear that he had faith in a resurrection; and all the burial customs of the Egyptians point to a profound respect for the body, which they sought by every means in their power to preserve from decay. The royal tombs, in the Valley of the Kings, near Karnac, show us what enormous pains the old rulers of the Nile were content to take in order to preserve, not only their perishing bodies, but the very symbols of grandeur and the surrounding of courtly state amidst which they had lived and moved; and that the mass of the population acted in the same spirit, so far as their means allowed them, is evident from the countless myriads of mummies which yet remain, after the lapse of three thousand years, in those death-peopled cities of the desert.

Of all the coffins that were ever made, those of the Egyptians are at once the most costly and most durable, as, looking to the motives which led to their construction, we might expect them to be. Of many of them it may be said that the lapse of ages, which has swept away the art that produced them, has left them unscathed, and that they are still perfect and entire as when fresh from the hands of the ingenious workman, whose extraordinary craft has long vanished from the earth. We have now, with all our science and machinery, no mechanical means which would engrave, as they are engraved, the alabaster sarcophagi in which mouldered the remains of the Pharaohs.

The ancient Romans, though for some centuries they buried their dead, did not use coffins, in the modern sense of the word, but couches, upon which the body was laid, dressed in the best garments which it had worn in life. If the deceased were a public functionary, he wore his robes of office; if he had won a civic crown, it was placed on his head, and an obolus was invariably placed in his hand, to pay the ferryman Charon for boating him over the Styx. At a later period the Romans burned their dead, adopting the custom from the Greeks, who, in all likelihood, derived it from the Asiatics. The Romans are said to have selected this

custom in order to prevent their bodies from being dug up and abused by their enemies. The practice appears to have gained ground but slowly; but it became almost universal under the emperors, and continued until after the introduction of Christianity. As Christianity spread, however, it gradually fell into disuse, and ceased altogether about the commencement of the fifth century. Numbers of the coffins used by the Romans during the early centuries of Christianity have been unearthed in all the countries they subdued, and occasionally they are turned up in our own. These, which can hardly be supposed to be those of the common people, are generally made of the stone of the district: sometimes in a single block hollowed out, but oftener in slabs cemented together. The top slab is often missing, which would seem to point to the conclusion that it was not an indispensable part of the coffin, which, according to the old Roman idea, was a couch or bed, and not a closed box.

Coming down to modern times, the coffins of different peoples do not differ in form or material from each other so much as might be expected, resembling very much in conformation the interior of the Egyptian sarcophagus. It is true that this conformation is sometimes departed from among the poorer population of the north, from considerations of economy merely—never from any other cause. There is a great difference in the feeling, however, which prevails in different countries of modern Europe, with regard to the exhibition of coffins and the paraphernalia of death in places of public resort. The southern people, for the most part, like to keep all such spectacles, as far as may be, out of view. In Italy—where, by the way, the poorer classes are often buried without coffins—the undertaker would not dream of exhibiting his shells and stretching-boards, his mortuary plates and nail-studded repositories, by way of recommending his services to every passer-by; neither would he think of announcing in large capitals to all his neighbours that he is ready to "perform" their funerals, as our undertakers do. In France a somewhat similar reticence is observed on the part of the dismal profession. It is not thought in good taste to parade in the eyes of the living such sepulchral reminders of the common fate that awaits us all, and therefore the undertaker lurks and works in the background, only coming forward when his services are wanted. Modest as he is, however, the French undertaker is a fellow of extraordinary enterprise and despatch; he never loses a moment in the transaction of his business; indeed, he has not a moment to lose, since the law of the country insists on the burial of all who die, within twenty-four hours of their death; the exceptions that are made to the rule being very few, and those only in favour of great personages, or members of families of distinction. In a sanitary point of view the law is a good one, but looking to the probabilities of suspended animation being taken for death, it has rather an ominous aspect. If the law ordaining quick burial compels the French undertaker to despatch, there is another law which binds him also to reasonable charges. In practice he never makes out his own bill for services done on behalf of the dead, but the government makes it out for him, because it compels him to bury according to certain scales, which are numbered, each scale being chargeable with a definite sum, and no more. Thus the friends of the deceased, by choosing their scale beforehand, always know to a penny what expense they are incurring; and hence those disgraceful attempts at plundering the bereaved, which from time to time startle and disgust the English public, are unknown.

because they are impossible among our French neighbours.

The apathy and shrinking shyness of the Southerners in regard to coffins and the ceremonials of the grave, is singularly contrasted by the fondness manifested by the hardy Jutlanders for everything connected with the subject. It would almost appear that in Denmark the coffin is the nucleus and centre of no end of agreeable ideas—pensive trains of thought, perhaps, but not undelightful in their melancholy to the northern mind. Follow the Danish artizan as he leaves the workshop where he has been toiling all day, and whither does he go? Not, like the Frenchman or the Italian, to join in the mazy dance to the sound of mirthful music; not, like the bluff Englishman or the stolid German, to the public-house to smoke his pipe and quaff his evening beer; nothing of the kind: he wends his way quietly home; there he lights his candle, pulls off his coat once more, and works industriously and carefully for a couple of hours ere he lies down to sleep—at what, do you think? Simply at making his coffin. That is the labour of love which weans him from his slumbers, and stands to him in the place of pleasure and self-indulgence. Not till that indispensable task is finished will he dream of forming any attachment or preparing for the marriage state. After the coffin is finished, and installed as a handsome article of furniture in his cabin, he will be assailable perhaps by the charms of Elsa or Ruda, and marry and have a family; but he will keep his affection for the coffin nevertheless; and the odds are, that he will go on carving and inlaying and beautifying it up to the date of his last illness and death. This mortuary relish is by no means confined to the industrious class, or to any class in Denmark, but seems to be innate in all ranks. There is a universal appetite for burial splendour and monumental reputation in some shape or other. Those who can afford it best are seen to go the most extraordinary lengths. Thus, wealthy ladies have been known to spend as much as £2000 in the purchase of coffins of solid silver, which they exhibit as so much valuable plate during their lives, and repose in after death. Judges and magistrates will purchase mural positions in churches while yet hale and hearty, and prepare elaborate designs with the utmost gusto, which can only be executed when they are dead. Others will sit to artists and sculptors for pictures and busts to be reared over their tombs; and others, again, will leave enormous sums of money to be paid for the composition of oratorical eulogiums to be pronounced over their graves.

Perhaps the most characteristic illustration of the national feeling in this curious particular exists in a certain street in Copenhagen, which is called the Street of Coffins. This is a huge bazaar of undertakers and undertakers' millinery. Not only are there all kinds of coffins, draped in all conceivable hues and textures, but there are shrouds and head-dresses for the corpse, trimmed, flounced, and be-ribboned according to the newest fashion. "One need not, sure, look frightful though one's dead," says Pope's fine lady; and the fashionable dames of Copenhagen seem to be of the same mind: at any rate, they have taken most abundant and effectual precautions against appearing as dowdies in their coffins. One would imagine, that with all this care and expense bestowed upon the materials of burial, there would exist at least some law for the preservation of monuments which have cost so much; but so far from this being the case, the Danish law does not recognise the claim of the dead to any property at all. So long as any member of a family is alive, the monuments and graves of his relatives are his property; but if a family

becomes extinct, all trace of their monuments will soon disappear—the law awarding them to the municipality, who make no scruple of clearing them away, and letting the ground or the mural space in the church to newcomers!

If, according to our notions, there is much that is absurd and extravagant in the practice of the Jutlanders, there is something also that is respectable in the temperament that gives rise to it. It is something to look death calmly in the face, though he comes represented only by the undertaker's symbols; and we who have so much Danish blood in our veins need not judge harshly of our brethren in the north. After all, we have something of the same mental constitution among ourselves: Nelson kept his coffin (made from a fragment of the French ship "L'Orient") for some years before he was buried in it; we have known others who did the same, and could point to some who are doing it now: and we need not wonder that where such a taste becomes general, people should slide into extravagance in their endeavours to surpass each other.

A VISIT TO TINGU SHA'N.

THE following communication is from an officer in China:

We are going up the West River in a large commodious Chinese boat, furnished internally in Chinese style; that is to say, hard marble-seated straight-backed chairs, alternated with corresponding "teapots." On either side of the river, a plain of several miles, rich in villages and agricultural produce, extends to lofty hills beyond. Before us, the mountains appear to touch each other across the course of the river; and really they rise abruptly from the river bank, and contract the width of the stream to less than a mile across. Among the hills to our right, most of which are covered only with poor coarse grass and ferns, one majestic hill is conspicuous, rising boldly above its neighbours, and covered with dense forest. In the middle of that forest, and nearly on the summit of the hill, is a large Buddhist temple. That is Tingu Sha'n, and that is the place we are going to visit.

We land at a small village, and after giving the villagers an opportunity to see foreigners free of charge, we walk along the bank of a small stream which receives the mountain torrent from the hill to which we are going. We follow up the course of the torrent for two miles, when we reach the foot of the hill, having caused great consternation—sometimes surprise, sometimes alarm—to sundry old women and pretty country girls, who were watching their buffaloes. In some measure they paid us off for the alarm we caused them, by leaving their buffaloes untended; and if there ever was a nasty, hideous, horrid-looking creature in creation, that animal was a buffalo in China. The beasts are amphibious; they can run like a horse, crawl like a serpent, jump like a frog, toss like a bull, trample like an elephant, and seemed disposed to display all these accomplishments to the "foreign devils." It is no doubt very cowardly, but I must confess to being afraid of them.

My alarm, however, was as causeless as that of the fair ones who were terrified at my sudden appearance; and, being now on a paved road, we will trouble them no longer, but begin to ascend the hill. Below us is a deep gully, at the bottom of which a rush of water forces its way among the boulders and rugged slopes of the hill, now sparkling in the sun, now concealed by overhanging vegetation. Presently we find ourselves following the path through a thick forest, gigantic parasites and creepers adding to the difficulty caused by the steepness

of the mountain on which the trees are growing. Our path, however, is well paved; and we ascend through the wood, birds chirping cheerfully around, and the sound of cataracts emerging from the hills on every hand. It is a delightful scene, but nothing to that which is in store for us.

We come now to a spot where the road takes two directions. We follow the one to the right, and after walking for about a quarter of a mile through the most delightful mountain scenery, beautiful flowers ornamenting the bank on either hand, suddenly there is opened to view a most picturesque waterfall. We are environed by lofty hills, some covered with forest, others reflecting on their grassy slopes the rays of the setting sun, and the one before us breaking, by its projections, into a thousand forms the volume of water which falls perpendicularly from a height of a hundred feet. It is a lovely spot. Solitude reigns supreme. Grand and majestic is all around us.

Having taken our fill of this delightful spot, we retrace our steps to where the road divides, and thence ascending further up the hill we reach the temple. It is very large, is built in terraces on the mountain side, and is hid from view by the surrounding trees. Ascending by steps to the second terrace, we pass the guardian idols of the door, and find ourselves in a courtyard ornamented with small grotesques placed in jars containing water-flowers and goldfish, as well as by trees (mostly stunted forest trees) in large pots. The facing of the next terrace is made of marble, and the pillars are of handsomely carved granite. We ascend the third terrace, and are at the door of the temple itself. Some twenty priests, in long yellow gowns and with clean shaved heads, are chanting their monotonous lays. Ever and anon they prostrate themselves on the ground, while on a hollow wooden instrument a solemn death-like sound beats time to the chant. The idols, which cost some £500 each, had been just before renewed, their predecessors having been destroyed by the rebels. Gilt and silver paper, red cloth, lighted chandeliers, piles of fruit, pyramids of cakes, basins of flowers, all most tastefully arranged on handsomely polished tables; the large and gorgeously arrayed idols, the beautiful and massive nature of the building, polished pillars, marble pedestals, embroidered red table-covers—all conspire to impress a beholder with a feeling of awe. A heart unfortified by the knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, and hardened by gross depravity, could not well avoid bowing to and reverencing for the moment idols so surrounded by captivating solemnities.

There are more terraces yet, but they are reached, not as the first three, by bold, broad flights of granite steps, but by narrow stone stairs within the building. Ascending these, as they ramify in different directions, and expose to view dungeon-like apartments, the appearance of the natural rock occasionally reminds us, that though going up stairs we are at the same time going up the hill. We are often reminded, too, of the descriptions of ancient Norman castles which we have read; and the place is in every respect adapted as a great stronghold of superstition and idolatry.

There is nothing more, however, to be seen; and after partaking of some Chinese refreshment (which is always in readiness for visitors), and after paying a fat priest, with a countenance beaming with good nature and contentment for the same, we return, quicker down hill than up, to our boat. We proceed to the nearest market-town to anchor for the night, leaving far behind us the sound of the great bell at the temple, which reverberates day and night every five or ten minutes, to the

imagined discomfiture of evil spirits who might be seeking to take advantage of the solitude of the place.

NEWTON'S HOME IN THE YEAR 1727.*

DIFFERENT historians record that Sir Isaac Newton died at home, in Orbell's Buildings, afterwards Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, between one and two o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Since April, 1861, endeavours have been made to identify the house, as no published account that has been seen or heard of does this.

The name Orbell's has long been disused, and also Pitt's Buildings, for the houses to which they were once applied. The houses that were formerly known to the inhabitants of Kensington by such descriptions have been since, and are now called by different names; and the same, or later name, has been moved from one house to another still more recently.

Of all this, the new and vastly-increasing inhabitants of Kensington have no knowledge, and comparatively few of the old inhabitants remain to relate correctly to recent residents what they may have heard respecting Sir Isaac's last home on earth.

A house, called Woolthorp House, is pointed out as a residence of Sir Isaac's. Its present name is comparatively recent. It was formerly called Carmarthen House; but this now is certain, that whether Sir Isaac ever occupied that as a summer's retreat from St. Martin's, Leicester Square, or sat under the mulberry-tree in that garden or not, he did not die there.

Mr. Hall, of Vestry Hall, whose father was vestry-clerk before him, and who furnished many particulars to Faulkner, the historian of Kensington, states that his great-grandfather on his mother's side was a Mr. Wright, and that the house now called Woolthorp House can be traced back as belonging to that family for more than a century. The lane leading to it is still called Wright's Lane. Mr. Hall being told that it was reported that Woolthorp House was Sir Isaac's, and that his name had been seen in deeds, he replied, "There was no foundation for it"—that his father was an old gentleman, who knew every inch of the parish of Kensington, and that he had never heard him make such a statement.

As Sir Isaac's remains were removed from Kensington, and laid in state in Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, before being buried in the Abbey, it was at an early period of this inquiry conjectured that some parochial account of the removal, and from what house, might be found. Any such information from Mr. Hall, or from the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, could not be obtained. Mr. Hall, on looking over the names in Piggott's "Directory for Kensington, for 1822," observed that almost all the names there given of the inhabitants were names of persons now not only removed, but dead. It was then supposed that, as Sir Isaac's funeral was public, some other record might be got at. Mr. Banting was then applied to, who kindly undertook to make inquiry at the office of the lord-chamberlain; but there were no

* The illustration now given in "The Leisure Hour," is from Mr. Downes' photograph of the house where Sir Isaac Newton lived and died. The brick-work appears to be of the same date as the south-east part of Kensington Palace, showing that "reveals" were formed in brick-work for window and door-frames in the time, if not before the time of Sir Isaac Newton. Photography, however, with all its excellencies, fails to give, and the engraver, therefore, cannot represent, or does not represent, the fresh, clear, bright, lively red colour of the brick arches, string courses, and points in the cornice as they still endure, and which has led, and may lead many, to suppose that the front of the house must have been rebuilt.



records there, for, although a public funeral, it was not at Government expense. Mr. Banting made many other inquiries and researches, and at his suggestion the Royal Society, and also the Royal Astronomical Society, were written to, and subsequently calls were made.

As it would be useless to enumerate all that has been done, where nothing satisfactory could be found, it will be better at once to relate those steps which led to the discovery of "Newton's Home in the Year 1727," as they have been developed. It was thought that possibly some of the old inhabitants, however few may be remaining, might be able to remember something that would elicit farther inquiry.

Having occasion to call on Mr. George Goodacre, in Church Street, who repairs broken china, glass, umbrellas, etc., and seeing that he was aged, but by no means an old man, Mr. Goodacre was asked how long he had resided there? He replied, "Thirty years, and that his wife was born in Kensington." He was told that an effort was being made to ascertain where Sir Isaac Newton died. Mr. Goodacre then said that he was a descendant of a niece of Sir Isaac's; that he had made inquiries respecting some property; and that a very old man, of the name of Jones, who was born, lived, and died in Kensington, had pointed out the house, now called Bullingham House, as the house where his mother, or his grandmother, assisted to lay out Sir Isaac after his death.

All this was confirmed by Mrs. Goodacre, who came in at the time; and it was stated that a son of this old person, Jones, was still living in Charles Street, Kensington, whom, with his wife also, the inquirer has seen. They both further confirmed what their very aged relation had frequently said respecting the laying out of Sir Isaac after his death, in the now Bullingham House.

The Joneses trace their connection back with Kensington for some one hundred and seventy years. The ancestor Jones they referred to, was gardener to a gentleman; and he took premises in High Street for his wife to sell fruit. In the "Directory," already referred to, the aged Jones is described as a builder and fruiterer; and several of the inhabitants still remember him. Mrs. Jones, now in Charles Street, stated that her father was servant to Captain Pitt, and travelled with him throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland; and that she remembers some of the older branches of the Pitt family, to descendants of whom Bullingham House belongs.

Having got so much information outside, it was thought desirable to make inquiry of Miss Blair, who has resided some thirteen years in Bullingham House. Although it was called Bullingham House before Miss Blair became tenant, it had not that name when Mr. Saunders, the secretary of the Great Western Railway, lived there, about twenty years ago. It was then called by the neighbours "Mr. Saunders's."

Two houses at the east end of Pitt Street—No. 1, entered from Duke's Lane, round the corner, behind No. 2, which is entered from Pitt Street, were, and are still called Bullingham Place. No. 1 has also the name of Sheffield House, and now No. 2 is called Gordon House. The name Bullingham Place has been given to these houses within the recollection of Mr. Goodacre.

A house in Vicarage Place, Church Street, was at some time before called Bullingham House. When and how it was discontinued has not been ascertained; but the house and ground are now divided.

Miss Blair states that her late landlady, Mrs. Pitt, widow of Stephen Pitt, Esq., who had long lived during the season in the adjoining house, and continued to reside there when she came to town, for some years after Miss Blair became tenant of Bullingham House, repeatedly stated that the now Bullingham House was the identical house where Sir Isaac Newton lived and died.

After Mrs. Pitt left, the adjoining house, where she had so long occasionally resided, received the name of Newton House, which has produced error and confusion. Mrs. Pitt recently died, at a great age, in Somersetshire.

Timbs (1860, page 259), after correcting an error of Dr. Burney's—that Newton died in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square—and stating the fact that he died at Orbell's Buildings, Kensington, goes on to say, "At Campden Hill, at the present day, is a Newton House, which, if intended to indicate the place where Sir Isaac lived and died, is an error, as it never was Newton's residence. At any rate, it is calculated to mislead."

Miss Blair has a small flint, or agate, with a white vein in it, that was found in the garden. It has been ground into a spherical form, thus giving it an appearance of "Jupiter with a belt." A small plane at one part allows it to stand on a table, with the belt in a vertical position. It does not appear improbable that this spherical stone may not only have been Sir Isaac's, but also that it may have been his own grinding. Sir Isaac not only ground glass, but he investigated the degrees of transparency of different substances, and flint, or agate, may have been included in his experiments. Such appear to be as likely substances for such examinations as the transparency of "melted pitch." Since Mrs. Pitt left Kensington, Miss Blair appears to be the only authentic source of the information derived from Mrs. Pitt or her family.

So much having been ascertained of the home of Newton, Mr. Downes, Photographer to Her Majesty, took a view of the front, and purposes to take others, both inside and out, the entrance door especially—a fine specimen of ancient panelling. The house still remains mostly in its ancient state. The sashes of the windows are all old; they have had new lines put to them, and that perhaps frequently; and the glass, except where squares have been broken, is old also throughout the house, and may be interesting to glass manufacturers, to compare the glass of that period made in England, when Sir Isaac had to send abroad to obtain "invaluable glass" for his experiments, which he could not then get at home. From a vacant space, and other indications on the south side, it is thought that the coach-house and stables, etc. have been pulled down. The house fronts the west. The back yard abuts on other buildings connected with Church Street.

Next, ascertaining that the property is copyhold, the inquirer called on Mr. Brown, Lady Holland's agent, who at once undertook to search the records. The name "Orbell" was suggested, which Mr. Brown ultimately found. Orbell died seven years after Sir Isaac, (1734). Orbell had a daughter, who had become Mrs. Pitt. Mrs. Pitt was admitted to five messuages, stables, etc., on payment

of eighteen pence. Mr. Brown observed the names of Newton and Newtinet in the records; but as the object of the inquiry was accomplished in finding how the property passed from Orbell to Pitt, which family has ever since retained it, and given the name of Pitt to the adjoining street, further research was not for that purpose needed, Pitt Street possibly being the address to Pitt's Buildings.

Having identified Sir Isaac Newton's house in 1727, the next point to consider was how to prevent the place from again being lost sight of. This may very soon take place, without some permanent record.

At Grantham, where Sir Isaac went to school, a memorial that cost more than £1600 has been erected; and at Cambridge there is a statue. But London, where he so long resided, and was for so many years President of the Royal Society, as yet has no such worthy memorial.

As copyhold can now be enfranchised, such a valuable position as Campden Hill, the very best part of Kensington left for improvement, will not be overlooked, so immediately connected as it is with the very inadequate and only opening between Notting Hill and High Street, Kensington, which may ultimately become the Bond Street or Queen Street of the West for business.

On the western front of Bullingham House is a long garden, adjoined by another, and that by a nursery ground to the north, forming part of the south side of Campden Grove. On the south side of the garden to Bullingham House, fronting Vassall Terrace, next Pitt Street, is a wall, the principal entrance being at the east end, and a return southward has a servants' door, and coach gates to the back yard past the side of the house.

There are many old trees in these gardens, possibly the remains of those recently forming connectedly "The Grove." The largest tree is perhaps not more than six feet in circumference two or three feet from the ground. The trees have evidently been planted too close, and several in consequence are small for their age. The north and west sides of the gardens referred to have been paved outside; but as the paving ceased abruptly at the south-west corner, it was suggested that the parish should also pave from there along the south wall past the entrance. This, after being viewed by the Committee of Works, was ordered, and the paving has since been completed from the corner of Gordon Place, along the garden wall and past the entrances, round to the west corner of Duke's Lane, that had not had a name written up for twenty years; but which may now be seen at both ends, as well as those of other streets, now less difficult to find. Duke's Lane ought to be widened, and might easily be, to the advantage of the adjoining property on the north side from end to end, which would give a better approach to Newton's home, and be a great accommodation to the surrounding neighbourhood and those who visit it. While the Paving Committee were at the place, the words, "Newton's House, 1727," were shown to them; but that, they appeared then to think, was not for them, as a Works Committee, to entertain. However, Mr. Banting, who was one of their number, said that he would find a stone. Subsequently, the idea advanced, and the inquirer applied to the vestry for permission for a memorial to Sir Isaac Newton to be placed against the garden wall of Bullingham House. This having been granted, it has been suggested that a chamber for deposits should be formed underground, and to be opened every half century for examination, and to report or make additions as may then be thought desirable, to perpetuate Newton and his discoveries. Photographs of the front and other parts, on glass, burnt in and enamelled, have been suggested. Sir Isaac's town house may then

also be thus recorded: not forgetting a piece of the old glass, if even a square has to be taken out for that purpose.

A slate slab has been temporarily fixed against the garden wall, on which a sketch for part of a design for a memorial has been made. That has already attracted the notice of thousands who pass that way to and from Kensington Gardens, through the new passage by the barracks, which it is understood is to be paved.

After a statement of most of the above facts had been sent to "Notes and Queries," which appeared in the number for the 11th of July ult., a communication was received from Sir David Brewster, the historian of Sir Isaac Newton. It perhaps confirmed, by a statement that old Mr. Pitt had made to old Mr. Pittman, that his house was the house where Sir Isaac died; but it has not been ascertained in any other way, to the best of his son's belief, that Mr. Pittman ever lived in Bullingham House, the house now known by that name. The Reverend Mr. Pittman, to whom old Mr. Pitt made the statement referred to, died recently at Bath, at the age of about eighty years. He is well known as having lived in Young Street, Kensington.

From an aged servant (now eighty-five) of the Pitt family, it has been ascertained that it was always said that Sir Isaac Newton's hand-writing was on some of the windows in the now Bullingham House. Miss Blair, who now resides there, states that "Fanny Conduit" is on one square, in a window of the room, south-west corner, first floor. The glazier, who has cleaned the windows and put in new glass where squares had been broken, says that he had observed writing on the broken pieces, but not knowing that any particular importance could be attached to them, he had not given any attention to make out what the words or marks were. From what has been stated by other contributors to "Notes and Queries" respecting Sir Isaac Newton and his connections, it is submitted that possibly "Fanny" may have been the name of the daughter of Sir Isaac's favourite niece, Mrs. Conduit, who so long resided with him. Mrs. Conduit's only daughter is said to have been the mother of the second Earl of Portsmouth. The present Earl's names are "Isaac Newton Fellows."

Another and a most important fact has been ascertained from Mr. Hall—that in the time of Orbell, and afterwards for some time by the Pitt family, the rates and taxes of their several houses and property were paid by them; which accounts for the name of Sir Isaac Newton never appearing in the parish books of Kensington, for the house he occupied and in which he died.*

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.
CHAPTER XVIII.—THE LECTURER AND HIS HEARTS.

A FEW days further on, and Mr. Rivers found himself again at The Grange, in a high state of "feather," according to the common acceptance of that remarkable term. "I've done the best thing to-day that I've done yet in Ledesdale," said he to Mrs. Purden.

"Resigned the living?" inquired Mr. Lucas, carelessly looking up from his newspaper.

* Finding that Mr. Gregory, of No. 1, Bedford Row, is solicitor to the estate of the Pitt family, the writer of this paper called upon him, and after explaining to him what had been ascertained, Mr. Gregory said he should not be surprised if Mr. George Pitt might wish to preserve Bullingham House as a memorial to Sir Isaac.

[* For a communication of the discovery and identification of the house where Sir Isaac Newton lived and died, the writer of the foregoing paper, Joseph Jopling, Esq., architect, has received the thanks of the President and Council of the Royal Society.]

When a choice lies between laughing and being offended, it is always best to decide on the former course as least objectionable, and Mr. Rivers adopted it now. "Thank you," he said; "no, perhaps the next best thing; I have engaged the services of that great gun of the neighbourhood, Professor Wirkword, and he has promised to lecture in my school-room any day I choose to name. Was not that a stroke of policy, Mrs. Purden?"

"So far, so good," she replied; "but you must go further still. Talking is an excellent thing, but eating and drinking are wonderful aids to the mental digestion. There is no fighting against destiny, Mr. Rivers; you are in for a tea party."

Now that was a species of local entertainment which Mr. Rivers had specially deprecated. It had been threatening him, hanging like a black cloud over his prospects for several months; and just as one puts off having a tooth drawn, so he had put off the evil hour, which seemed at last to have arrived. How was he to get up such a thing in his parish, with no ladies to help him? Mrs. Purden. Yes, she was a host in herself, but could hardly suffice as hostess to several hundred people. Then he didn't believe the tickets would ever go off, and all the cake and tea would be left upon his hands—in short, there was a lion in the way. But now Professor Wirkword was coming, and must have an audience. The audience, he was assured, would grumble if it were not fed; the audience must not be allowed to grumble. Well, would Mrs. Purden undertake to look after things, to see that there were teapots enough, and currants enough in the cake, to guarantee everybody satisfied, and nobody offended? In that case, it was very unpleasant, certainly; but, as she said, there "was no fighting against destiny."

Nothing could have been a greater triumph than the whole affair. The room was crowded, and when the tables were cleared, and the beaming countenance of the lecturer showed from the platform, as ready to commence operations, the enthusiastic plaudits of the throng bespoke not only its lively anticipations of good things to come, but also its full and entire appreciation of the late benefits conferred upon it. The vicar of the parish was immensely elated, and would seem, by his action, to have borrowed Mr. Armitage's "invisible soap," etc. for the occasion. I believe in his heart of hearts he fancied it owing to his own good management things went so well: and what a harmless delusion that was! At any rate, the sight of Mr. Marriott and family, all come from Colebrooke for the occasion, and newly gone out of mourning, did not diminish his satisfaction. There was one little untoward incident: Pepper somehow got in, and got upon the platform, making the people laugh in the middle of a most pathetic sentence. The speaker, however, turned it off cleverly, and the offending quadruped was turned out.

And now for the lecturer himself, the great Professor Wirkword, whose contemplated lecture on "Hearts and Hearths" had been advertised in flaming characters through the neighbourhood for several weeks past. He was a stout man, and rather under than above the middle height, with an enormous head, broad forehead, and clear, full eyes. His face was chiefly remarkable for its intense good humour and placid benignity of expression; but his voice! that was his strong point, in every sense. If what he said had been the greatest twaddle—which it was very far from being—that voice of his would have forced it down, and made something remarkable of it. It is astonishing how much the mere tone and inflexion of a voice controls the influence of the

subject-matter. There are voices which make you drowsy over the most thrilling and heart-rending of narrations; but if Professor Wirkword said "It's a cold day," or "Take another slice of mutton," and meant you to regard it as a piece of facetiousness, you were forced to laugh; there was no help for it. The lecture occupied one hour and a half, not including brilliant intervals of music, vocal and instrumental. An epitome of what was said will not, of course, be attempted, but a few of the remarks may not be inappropriate.

"Now we'll talk of *Hearts* first of all," began Professor Wirkword. But what description could do justice to the emphasis with which that single word was favoured! The lecturer gave to it an aspiration and a *roll* which made it a volume in itself; it came out with an accent that sent it deep down to the very quarter in question, and stirred up what it found there. "We'll talk of *Hearts* first of all, as the foundation for all the rest." And then he proceeded to show that while hearts and hearths differed from each other in sound by but one letter only, the real and living connection between them was still more intimate; for "if it be true that gay hearts make merry hearths, it is no less true that the warm hearth, and the social hearth, and the well-ordered hearth, are needed to make that gay heart, or to keep it gay and light when it is so."

"We don't always get the credit of it," said Professor Wirkword again, after a pause, "but I think—I feel assured, indeed—that John Bull has as much of that commodity we've been talking of—as much *heart* diffused in his composition—as any nation has on this earth's surface." Here came a thump on the table loud enough to prove befitting so glorious an assertion—cheering from the audience, and sensation on the platform. "I say we don't always get the credit of it, though. A medical friend of mine said to me the other day—but this doesn't alter my opinion, mind you—'When I call to see an English patient, the first thing he begins to speak of is his *appetite*; either his appetite is gone, or it's failing, or it's on the mend, and coming back again; it's always the *first* thing uppermost. But now,' said this doctor, 'when I'm called in to see any of the folks from the Emerald Isle, it's always the heart that's affected. Oh, docthor, it's me heart; it's all me heart entirely—only hark how the craythur's beatin'!" And the jolly-looking speaker patted his own left side, and sentimentally wagged his head amidst roars of laughter and noisy acclamations; for it must be owned, that to awaken John Bull's risible faculties requires no great display of genius, and it will not, for the future, be necessary to instance every occasion on which Professor Wirkword called them forth. "Now, what can be softer"—and his own voice had a tenderness and fulness in its tone sufficient in itself to draw tears from many eyes—"what more fraught with pathos than our own much abused, much desecrated term, *sweet heart*? But now look at some sweet hearts five years, ay, two years, *one* year after marriage, and what remains of the sweetness? Look at the wife's black eye, at the husband's sullen countenance—indexes both of minds more disfigured still. Listen to the harsh word, the brutal jest, the sneering answer—were those the *sweet hearts* of yesterday, and whence the change? Friends, they did not *keep* their hearts. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence,' said the wise man, and they had neglected to keep theirs—or rather, it would be better to say, they had neglected to place them in safer keeping than their own, and so the spoiler had crept in: and when the heart goes wrong, the hearth goes wrong, and the head goes wrong, and the whole house goes to wrack together."

"*That's true enoo*," said a sturdy voice, which gained a hearing for itself amidst a great uproar of clapping, "and it's a truth as some of we here knows to we cost."

"Ah!" said the lecturer, looking round him, "I should be sorry to think that any in this room knew it to their cost; but still, it's well to know it when not too late to mend. We know what to do when a clock goes wrong—when it *will* stop and put everything out of order, no matter how carefully we wind it up—why, back to the watchmaker's of course it must go; and we may take a lesson from our clocks in that respect, as in some others."

And then Professor Wirkword began drawing his pictures—an occupation he specially delighted in; and if he did sometimes lay the colours on a little too thick, so as even to get rather beyond nature, why, it was a fault on the right side. So he drew a picture of the "Lonely Heart," and showed how the lonely one found solace and companionship; of the "Divided Heart;" of the "Rejoicing Heart," and the "Sorrowing Heart;" and scarcely a heart present but re-echoed much of what he said, and applied it to itself. Then with happy effect he introduced and applied that genuine old English admonition, "Take heart!" And then he showed the heart manifesting itself from beneath such a load of coal, and dust, and mire, as might fairly have seemed to get the better of it. There was the "sturdy collier coming home at evening from his work;" and Professor Wirkword drew a picture of that sturdy collier, the reverse of flattering to his outer man. But he was coming "whoam;" and then there was the picture of the bairns waiting for him, peeping out of doorway to catch first sight of "fayther." What cared they for his sooty hands and grimy face? And then there was the black embrace! The lines of Burns were certainly not written on a collier, but he got them in as well as if they had been:

"The expectant wee things todlin' stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee;
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lispin' infant, prattlin' on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil."

Then came the meeting with the "thrifty wife"—her ready smile of welcome—the "Mary, wench," and the "Yea, John," interchanged between them. It's a great matter to know what will go down with any particular audience; and the lecturer knew full well that what in our sober moments we denominate "clap-trap," and what in the sister kingdom is dubbed as "blarney," would throw his present audience into ecstasies; so he drew a very pathetic scene between John and his Mary, and many a John present looked moist about the eyes, and perhaps from that moment regarded their respective Marys and Susans in quite a new light, which was one good effected, at any rate.

Before Professor Wirkword sat down to hear "Hearts and Homes" played and sung with great effect, while he refreshed himself, he made one remark with reference to the need of giving Heart fair play in our proceedings, which is worthy to be remembered. "Love," he said, "has beautifully been described as 'ready to creep in service where it cannot go;' but where love does not exist at all, or where it is cramped up, shoved into a corner, as it were, why, the picture is just reversed—instead of *going*, that one *creeps* and gets slower and slower, till at last he comes to a full stop, and goes fast asleep. *Don't* creep where you can go in any service, least of all in answer to the word, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard.' *Don't* creep, because the reward is not to the slothful. *Don't*

creep, because time is going faster than you can go at the fastest, and you may come to a stand-still when least expecting it."

He wound up this *first act* of the evening in the beautiful words of an author already quoted:—

"If happiness has not her seat and centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.
Nor treasures, nor pleasures can make us happy lang,
The heart's ay the part ay that makes us right or wrang."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LECTURER AND HIS HEARTH.

I THINK that some of the Johns present felt anything but comfortable or proud of their own social position when Professor Wirkword began his "second head" with a description of the "Drunkard's Hearth;" for he by no means minced matters, and his delineation of the head of that hearth was scarcely calculated to raise him either in public estimation or his own. He made him look pretty closely, too, at his own handi-work; begged him to admire the four bare walls, successfully stripped by his ingenious contrivance of anything at all conducive to comfort or convenience; showed him his half-naked, more than half-starved little ones, whom the poor mother, while vainly striving to hide the marks on her own person of his brutality, was comforting with the assurance that it was "only father, only daddy, who was coming home, that they munna be skiered that'n." This portrait, as he drew it, of the heart-broken wife, elicited so much compassionate interest, that it is to be feared the Maries would have gone home unreasonably elated, if their turn had not come next; when the lecturer, going a little into details, inquired where was that large house-clock, whose handsome exterior and voracious interior had been the boast of their early wedded life? where was that mahogany table, those half-dozen chairs, which they had gone together to purchase with such high satisfaction? where was that cozy hour of chat over the fire, before going to bed, when notes of the day's events were compared together, and plans laid for the future—where were they now? And when several of the Johns present looked as if echo was answering "Where?" in a very imbecile manner within their craniums, there was a nudging of elbows, nods, and sagacious glances on the part of the wives, which was scarcely fair on such an occasion. Not that many of the present audience were exactly of the class specified; but conscience told a good many, and their help-meets told the rest, that steps had been taken in a similar direction—that the course they were pursuing was the reverse of an advantageous or a profitable one. "Oh, boys, boys, beware of drink," said Professor Wirkword, while the roar with which the words came out electrified and rather scared his hearers: "beware of drink, that ruiner of soul and body. I have heard that a certain phrase once served to identify the collier; it was this: 'Na shertie,' na shertie, being interpreted, it was, 'That I won't; you may talk for ever, but you won't move me; I tell you I won't.' Now, boys, bring your na sherties to bear upon your drinking tendencies, your maudlin habits, your ale house visits, and it will serve you to some purpose. Say it, and stick to it; and when the tempter comes to you, in whatever shape he appears, bellow it in his ears till you deafen him with your na shertie, till he runs away terrified from the sound of your na shertie!" (Enthusiastic applause, of course more thanks to the power of Professor Wirkword's lungs than to the brilliancy of his observations.) But when the "Dawdler's Hearth" was dragged forward on the stage; when the wife and mother was seen "crudeling" over the fire, her hair in papers, and one hook of her dress doing duty for

all the others; when the good man, finding no buttons for his shirt, no boiling water for his tea, and no satisfaction to either mind or body, goes off to the public-house and makes himself something worse than a brute there; when the children, left to their own devices, start unwarned and unchecked on the road to destruction, and march along it at a pretty rapid pace, too, then it became Mary's turn to wince, and John's to nudge; then a stout, merry-looking young man, leaning forwards two or three seats in advance of where he sat, whispered to a rather pretty looking young woman, "Are ye minding that, lassie?" "Ay," she answered, tartly enough, "I mind about men making brutes of themselves;" and the whisperer retired laughing. "Ladies," said Professor Wirkword, with his most gracious of bows, and in his most urbane of voices, "I stand forward this evening as your humble servant—not to dictate to or lecture you, only to suggest—to suggest that, ugly as the word is, there are dawdlers' hearths even in the better circles; there may be a 'crudeling' Isabella or Frederica, as well as a 'crudeling' Molly. Sisters, all who are present, remember that it is from 'the large aggregate of little things' the comfort of your hearths must come. Remember, there can be no homes without you—no happy homes unless you make them happy.

'Who hath not met with home-made bread, a heavy compound of putty and lead,
And home-made wines that rack the head, and home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam, and home-made dishes that drive one from home—
Not to name each mess for the face or dress, home-made by the homely daughters;
Home-made physic that sickens the sick; thick for thin, and thin for thick:
In short, each homogeneous trick for poisoning domesticity?
But of all our evils the worst of the worst is home-made infelicity.'

Then came another scene. John and Mary were at market together; John had got his wages, and was flush of money. There were dainties in the market, many toothsome articles, prices to match; there were young ducks and very young green peas in the market. If Mrs. Professor Wirkword had yearned for such delicacies at the season in question, he, her husband, would have inquired when she intended moving to the "House," meaning thereby the Union. But John and Mary were of another mind. "I think, lad," says Mary, indicating with her umbrella something that on a dinner table in Cavendish Square might have looked appropriate, "I think, lad, this'n 'ull likely suit for me and thee;" and John, being agreeable to the same, it goes into their basket. Next month the pair are sold out; next month the husband and wife sit by their cheerless hearth, mourning over their cruel destiny. "This is no rare thing here," said the lecturer. "You all know that; you can all testify to the misery that the want of a little forecasting, as it's called, brings on many families, when 'me and thee' think of to-day, and let to-morrow take care of itself. Suppose you all try and reverse that maxim; take care of to-morrow, and to-day won't suffer, depend on it—remembering the long to-morrow in store for you, or rather, the long to-day which knows not a morrow. I'll give you another Hearth now," said Professor Wirkword; "one that I passed last evening, such as I often pass in traversing the district. There was a bright fire blazing on that hearth; and, unprotected as it was by wall or roof, the wind was fanning up the flames right merrily, and the bright sparks were shooting out in all directions. It was not a single fire either, for several others were in its neighbourhood, burning up like itself, as it were out of the earth. But there were woeful-looking visages grouped round that hearth—wretched objects they looked

in the reflection of that fire light; young faces there were among them, but old in sin and wretchedness, and in the degradation of their odious and corrupting occupation. These pit-bank girls are a disgrace to your neighbourhood, whether you like to hear it or not. It's a shameful thing that there should be women employed about the pits at all in the way they are; it's a shameful thing to have the young creatures taken from school, and from the chance of learning how to refuse the evil and choose the good, and put to this degrading business. There's not one pit-bank girl in five hundred who turns out commonly respectable; and how should they? I asked myself that question when I saw the poor creatures sitting in the light of that coke fire—how should they, 'unless some one should guide them?' I was ashamed and sorry for them in my heart—ashamed that in this country and in this century there should exist such as they; sorry for themselves—sorry for the husband who should haply take one of them—sorry for the children who should copy their example and learn their precepts—sorry that so few of their own sex are to be found who care for their souls or bodies, who would advance a step to save them from destruction." Professor Wirkwood made himself quite hoarse over this subject, so there was compelled to be another interlude of singing; and after sketching the "Sabbath Worker's Hearth"—where the wife pleaded inability to be at the house of God, on the plea of sending out so many different meals to husband and sons at work—the hearth of the man who was always going to "do better next week," and one or two others appropriate to the place, he remarked that it was time they were all getting back to their own respective hearths, and brought his lengthy address to a close.

"You will come home with us, of course," said Mrs. Purden to Mr. Rivers, as they were leaving the school-room. "We ought to have a practical exemplification of heart and hearths to-night."

She meant nothing very personal; but Mr. Rivers' face had a decided glow on it as he replied, "I shall not be able, I think, to-night; besides"—laughing as he said it—"you know my presence at The Grange is a signal for Mrs. Cameron to go into temporary exile."

"How have you got into her bad graces?" inquired Mr. Marriott, who stood near them.

"Not knowing, can't say. I never had the pleasure of seeing the lady, nor, to the best of my belief, had she ever the pleasure of seeing me; but you see what I owe to my friend Mrs. Purden's report of me."

"Mr. Rivers is unfortunate enough to possess a voice which brings back to my aunt most painful associations. She heard him one day," added Mrs. Purden, "when he was speaking rather loudly in the hall, and has never tolerated the idea of an interview since that time."

"I am glad to see you here, Judson," Mr. Purden said, addressing a highly respectable, smooth-faced man, who was waiting near the door; "it is not often you give yourself a treat."

"No, sir; I've been wanting to speak to you, sir; could I see you to-morrow, sir?"

"Certainly: you can call to-morrow morning; or stay—I shall be at the colliery about twelve o'clock."

"Thank you, sir; good night, sir; good night, ladies."

"A most invaluable man that," observed Mr. Purden, as a large party of them were walking in the same direction.

"Seems very civil, and anxious to please," said Professor Wirkwood, who was one of them. "What office does he hold, may I inquire?"

"Oh, one of my butties; but he's quite my right-hand man in most things."

"He's the man, I think, who rents those worked-out pits of yours, is he not?" asked Mr. Lucas.

"Yes; he has taken them off my hands, and I wish him joy of them."

"He must be a devoted creature indeed, to pay you for what can yield him no return," remarked the Professor, dryly.

"There may be quite enough coal in the working to make it worth his while to excavate," was Mr. Purden's answer, "though it might be by no means worth my while to employ the number of hands under me that I should be obliged to do, or to keep up the expenses of pit paraphernalia; my working an old pit, and Judson's working it, are two very different affairs."

"I see," said Professor Wirkwood; "necessarily it is so."

OCTAVOS AND TWELVEMOS.

WHEN the readers of "The Leisure Hour" were told that, in consequence of the abolition of the paper duty, that periodical was henceforth to be issued in imperial octavo, no doubt many of them, and especially those of the fair sex, felt some little doubt as to what was the extent of the boon.

Now, a great many well-educated people know but little about the mysteries of demy twelves and foolscap octavos, etc.; and if they are asked to describe the size of a book which they have seen, and about which they perhaps wish to know more, they can give but very inaccurate ideas of the same, and feel still more puzzled if any one attempts to describe it to them in accurate terms. We will, therefore, detain our readers a few minutes while we tell them some very simple facts touching the size and construction of books.

The technical name of the form of a book is derived from the size of the sheets upon which it is printed. These are various, and, beginning with the largest, and proceeding downwards, are called imperial, royal, demy, post, crown, and foolscap. And from any one of these sheets we can have a book of any one of the sizes, folio, 4to, 8vo, 12mo, 18mo, 32mo, 64mo, though it is not usual to print every variety of these from each kind of sheet. A few standing forms are used much more frequently than any or all of the rest. But whence come these names, folio, etc.? To answer this, buy an ordinary sheet of paper, such as is used for scribbling on, or for wrapping up small parcels. As it is bought, it will consist of two leaves, each of which will be from sixteen to twenty inches long, and twelve to fourteen broad. This will be a demy or royal; either will do for our purpose: we will take a royal. If a book were printed from such sheets when not further folded, but just as they are when purchased, it would be called a folio (from *folium*, a leaf, because the leaf is entire), and each sheet would give four pages of the book. But suppose the sheet had been doubled once more, so as to present an almost square appearance, the book then formed from such sheets would be called a quarto (from *quartus*, a fourth, as each sheet is divided into four leaves), and each would give four leaves, or eight pages of the book.

Now let the sheet be folded again, and it will become of the form of "The Leisure Hour," and give a royal octavo (from *octavus*, an eighth), because there are eight leaves, or sixteen pages in such a sheet. If the same sheet were doubled again, it would make a 16mo, being in a square form, and having thirty-two pages per sheet; if doubled again, it would be a 32mo, giving sixty-four pages to the sheet, and so on.

But we have not yet obtained a twelvemo by the doubling again and again. No; another arrangement is needed. The original sheet is opened so as to have no fold whatever, presenting an oblong form, and is turned with its length facing the folder; the upper third is then cut off, and the remainder is of the same form as the original sheet, but one-third less, and when it is folded three times, forms a small octavo sheet, but is as yet incomplete: the remaining third, called the off-cut, is folded twice, so as to give eight pages, and, being placed in the centre of the previous small octavo of sixteen pages, gives twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages, and is called a twelvemo, or duodecimo, from the Latin word *duodecim*, twelve. We might go further into details of other sizes, but the account would be too complicated.

But now, when the book is made up, how can I tell one size from another? For if sheets of every size, royal, demy, etc., can be similarly folded, we shall have folios, quartos, octavos, of so many various sorts as to create confusion, especially when we see that an octavo and a twelvemo are the same shape, but different in size; and a twelvemo of a large sheet may be larger than an octavo of a smaller size. True, it is so. Hence, we must see a complete sheet of any book before we can judge of its true size, and we must see how many leaves there are in each sheet. Now, we can do this very readily by looking for the letters B, C, D at the foot of some pages at proper intervals in every book. Suppose I find D at the bottom of any page, and I then find E at a distance of four leaves, or eight pages, I have a quarto; if at eight leaves, or sixteen pages, an octavo; if at twelve leaves, or twenty-four pages, a duodecimo; and so on. Hence there is this capital letter, called the *signature*, at the bottom of the first page in every sheet; and it is intended to be a guide to the binder, that he may readily tell, without counting, whether he has not only the proper sheets in number and succession, but whether they have been folded aright. For if, at the beginning of any sheet, the binder, before he began sewing the book, were to find no signature, he would see that the folder had at some time, probably the last folding, exactly reversed the sheet; and its pages would run, for example, 9 to 16, followed by 1 to 8, instead of in the regular order. And this accounts for the dilemma in which we sometimes find ourselves, when some sheet of a book presents that appearance, indicating an oversight on the part of the folder or binder, whose eye ought always to watch for the signature in folding the sheet. Where the number of pages is large, a second signature, as A 2, B 2, is often attached, so as to fall on the third page of the sheet, and be a further guide to the folder in his more complicated task.

The reader will now see how he or she may realize the idea that an octavo may be smaller than a twelvemo, and may easily test what sized book he really happens to have in his hand or on his shelf. Examples of various sized octavos are familiar to all. Thus, a demy octavo is amongst the commonest: such as the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly Reviews;" so also the time-honoured post octavo of the three-volume novels; and the foolscap octavo of the "Story of a Pocket Bible."

Sometimes it happens that these signatures occur twice as often; this proves that the book is printed in half sheets; i. e. that a sheet, when printed on one side, has been turned and again printed, giving duplicates from the same sheet. This is sometimes done when there happens to be in the printing-office a scarcity of the particular type which is being employed.

One more point may be noticed. The cutting open of a book will often tell its size, when not printed in half

sheets. A quarto will want cutting only at the top, and two leaves only are cut at once; an octavo will want a double sheet cutting at the top, but at every such alternate cutting it will also require to be cut up the side of the book twice; a twelvemo will require the same as an octavo, with the addition of a single side cut in the last two leaves of the off-cut, which, as we mentioned, came in the middle of the sheet.

All this may be verified by a few experiments upon one or two sheets. And while trying these simple experiments, and unfolding the sheets again before they are cut up into leaves, we may further find out how the compositor learns to place, or, technically, to *impose* his pages, so that when they have left their impression upon the sheet, that sheet shall, when folded, present them to the reader in the proper order of its pages.

And now we hope our readers will never be puzzled again about octavos and twelvemos, or any other form of books.

A FRENCH GIANT.

BY F. T. BUCKLAND, ESQ.

(Author of "Curiosities of Natural History.")

BESIDES the many inanimate curiosities which we see and admire in the great "International Exhibition," there are now a few "real live" curiosities on view in various parts of London, and among them the most remarkable (for I go to see everything that is to be seen) is "the giant of the Vosges Mountains, M. Joseph Brice." Now, there are not many people who number among their friends such a "big friend" as the gentleman with whom I am now so well acquainted that I have got into the habit of calling him *my* giant. At my first interview with him, I confess I felt literally "very small," but this feeling of smallness soon passed off; for when I entered into conversation with him in his own language, (he cannot talk English,) I soon perceived that my new friend was not only a giant in form, but a good-looking (decidedly dark-featured), agreeable, intelligent young man, full of life and humour, and ever ready for a joke and a laugh. Giants have hitherto been depicted as disagreeable quarrelsome monsters, exhibiting enormous proportions of limbs at the expense of mental powers; M. Brice is the exception to this rule; he carries with him an agreeable air of *politesse*, and is the "Good-natured giant," and not the "Fe fo fum ogre" of nursery tales. Having more than once had the pleasure of entertaining M. Brice privately, I can faithfully say that, excepting his being (as is usual with very tall men) a little "in-kneed," he is a well-proportioned man. This conformation of the knees is not, however, much seen when he is dressed in his usual costume of tambour major (drum major) of the French Imperial Guard. This uniform consists of a blue frock coat ornamented with gold military stripes on the breast and shoulders, gold epaulets and shoulder-belt, altogether giving him the appearance of what he really is, a *joli garçon*. M. Brice was kind enough to allow me to take the measurement of his person. (N. B. I was obliged to get a chair to do it.) His total height is said to be eight feet two inches, but he does not reach this maximum, though it requires actual measurement for the spectator to convince himself of the fact. He has called on me at the Albany Street Barracks, and the tallest of our Life Guardsmen could walk easily under his outstretched arm. He caused much wonder and astonishment among the men, and he *must* be pretty tall, for when I took him round the stables to see the troop horses, they actually shied and snorted at him, though they are pretty well accus-

tomed to tall men about them. The following are his measurements, which I have taken pretty accurately :—

	Ft. In.
Circumference of head	2 3
Length of arm-bone	1 9½
Length of fore-arm	1 5½
Circumference of fore-arm	1 4
Round the "biceps"	1 3
Diameter of hand	0 5½
Length of thigh	2 6½
Length of leg bone	2 1
Length of foot	1 4½
Diameter of foot	0 9
Round the chest	4 3
Across shoulders	1 11½
Actual height	0 90
Length of bed	9 3

At my request he was good enough to extend his arms at full length against the wall, and I found his stretch to be no less than 95½ inches.

The following is his personal history. He was born at the village of Ramonchamp, in the Vosges Mountains. Part of this chain is in the Rhenish province of Bavaria, part in France. He was born in that part which belongs to France, and is therefore a French subject, and calls himself the "French Giant of the Mountains." His parents are hard-working, respectable farm people; they are by no means gigantic themselves, but about the ordinary size of French peasants. M. Brice is very fond of his father and mother, has photographs of them, (of which I have copies,) and writes to them very frequently, sending them home, like a good giant, part of his earnings, to help to support them, as they are now getting old, and have no longer the benefit of his services on their farm. He has three brothers and two sisters, all of the usual stature; nor were any of his ancestors that he heard of ever gigantic in stature.

At his birth there was nothing to indicate that he was about to grow to his present size; and up to the age of six years his height did not exceed that of most children of his age. After a short illness, he began to assume such huge proportions, that his parents were alarmed (as well they might) at their enormous baby. Still, however, the baby continued to grow and enjoy perfect health. At the age of thirteen he was equal to the height of his father, and the generality of the neighbours, and at the age of sixteen he commenced to exhibit himself in public. He is now twenty-two years of age, and "thinks he has not done growing yet." Poor man! I pity him. His size is a great bore to him, for he can never move out without a crowd of non-paying admirers at his heels; he can, however, just manage to *back* himself into a cab, and sit there in a semi-stooping position. It is great fun to see the cabmen stare at their "fare" when he calls one of those useful and much-abused vehicles.

Exhibitions of giants have taken place both in our own times and also in the days of our ancestors; but giants are not by any means so common as one might expect. There is, moreover, so much of the absurd mixed up with their recorded history, that it is difficult to know how much of it to believe. The last living giant I had the pleasure of entertaining was a Spanish giant, by name Senor Joachim Eleizegue; he came from the Basque provinces of Spain, and was said to be seven feet ten inches high. He was exhibited at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent Street, some ten years ago, and I frequently saw him, as his cousin was a patient at St. George's Hospital when I held office there, and the giant used to pay a visit to his cousin on Sundays. He was not nearly such a "nice" giant as M. Brice.

There are several other giants of modern times on

record; for instance, the Russian giant, whose figure may be seen at Madame Tussand's, Murphy, who died recently, and the Norfolk giant, named Hale.

In the College of Surgeons we have the skeleton of O'Byrne, the Irish giant, who was seven feet nine inches in height. He died in the year 1783, and it is said that his death was caused by excessive grief, as he invested all his earnings in a single bank note for £700, which he hid in the fireplace in summer time; somebody lighted the fire, and destroyed the poor giant's hard earnings.

In old works on natural history the bones and teeth of giants are very frequently mentioned as being dug up from the earth. Now, these bones are generally the fossil remains of elephants. The thigh bone of an elephant, to a casual observer (not an anatomist), is very human in appearance, as are also the teeth. Somewhere in China, the tooth of the god Buddha is preserved and shown. This is most certainly an elephant's tooth; horses' teeth, moreover, are frequently exhibited as giants' teeth, and I have a drawing of such a one now before me. M. Brice has seen it, and laughs much at the idea of his having teeth like the horse. In sacred Scripture we find many accounts of giants, the chief of these being Og the King of Bashan, and Goliath of Gath. The height of the latter was, we are told, "six cubits and a span."

There has been great dispute as to what this height corresponds to in English measurement. I have looked at most of the accounts, and, taking the average, I conclude that Goliath was somewhere between nine and eleven feet in height. There seems, too, to have been a family of giants; for not only is it so recorded, but it is, physiologically speaking, very likely to have been the fact. Anyhow, even in these earliest times, giants seem to have been the exception, and not the rule, as they are always spoken of as rarities and wonders.

In the engraving is a faithful delineation of the figure of M. Brice. He is represented in plain undress clothes. As his stature in this dress is more striking than when in uniform, the reader, moreover, has a better chance of comparing his or her own figure with that of the best-looking and most agreeable giant of modern days.

